VOL. I. LITERARY TABLET. No. II.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

—ORIGINAL—

DIFFERENT PERIODS OF LIFE.

THE oak, as well as the weed, has its riſe, maturity and decay. It is now a tender ſhoot, now a towering tree, and now a proſtrate, mouldering trunk. This is a ſtriking emblem of human life. In the morning, man comes into exiſtence, at noon attains his meridian greatneſs, and at even—diſappears. His infancy is a ſtate of ineffable dependance. He is ſurrounded by wants, and expoſed to numberleſs ills. To nouriſh and protect this helpleſs being, demands all the exertions of parental affection, ſympathy and love. While the feeble frame is acquiring conſiſtence, a trivial miſconduct in its attendant is often ſufficient to deprive the eye of ſight, to break a limb or diſlocate a joint, and thus, to cloud its parents' brighteſt proſpects. Turn a twig from its proper courſe, and its beauty, perhaps its utility, is deſtroyed forever. Its growth only increaſes its deformity. This is the caſe, both in regard to the body and intellect of a child. But if this ſon 'of mortality' avoid the evils, incident to infantile years; if he ſurvive the froſts of ſpring and reach the ſummer of life, he diſplays a different appearance. All his mental and corporeal powers have arrived at their acme, and it is then, he exhibits the ſ[illegible]rity of his nature.

Is he a ſavage? he can bend the almoſt unflexile bow, and hurl the arrow to its deſtined mark. He can endure the longeſt chaſe, attack and ſubdue the ſtouteſt rover of the wood, and lug the victim home. He can aim the bloody hatchet, ſtab and ſcalp the foe, and fill the foreſt with his barbarous yells.

Is he civilized? he can change nature herſelf. He can alter the courſes of mighty rivers, cover the ocean with the waving canvaſs; and form villas, towns and cities, where once were ſeen the frightful wilderneſs and the midnight owl.

Is he a ſovereign and an ambitious warrior? he can collect armies and lead them to battle and to victory. By artifice and military valor, he can extend the limits of his domain, add to it, province after province, and kingdom after kingdom, till, like an Alexander, he has conquered the world.

Is he a *modern* philoſopher? he can develop all myſtery. He can make tides of polar ices, and demonſtrate, with equal eaſe, that the earth ſprung from a comet, or an egg ſhell. He can explain all the phenomena of nature, ranſack the archives of heaven, and dictate the Almighty. He can prove the bible a fiction, death an endleſs ſleep; and can liberate mankind from the thraldom of *cuſtom* and *religion*. He can break the ſacred bonds of nature and ſociety, revel in the ſpoils of innocence and virtue, and die—in agony.

Is he a *true* philoſopher? his employment is, to view and admire the vaſt and complicated machine of the univerſe. He beholds the ſun with its attendant ſpheres; he extends his glance to the diſcernible ſtars, and thence, by analogy and the aſſiſtance of fancy, he diſcovers new ſuns and ſyſtems, till he is loſt in the labyrinth of thought. In this boundleſs range of creation, he finds no inconſiſtence, no jarring diſcord, all ſeems the effect of infinite power and of infinite deſign. He looks around him, and reaſons from effect to cauſe, till he diſcovers the prime Mover, and beholds his perfections as ſtrikingly manifeſted in the mechaniſm of an inſect, as in the organization of worlds. This is the ſecond and nobleſt period of life.

Look forward a few years; and where is this mighty being, this lord of earth, this almoſt angel? You ſee him marked by the corrodings of time, and deprived the energies of youth and manhood. You ſee him, it may be, friendleſs and indigent, with crutch in hand, limping down life's declivity; and ſoon he ſteps, perhaps unprepared, from the ſtage of mortal exiſtence, and meets his GOD.

LAURINDA.

MR. ORLANDO,

BEING not long ſince in company with a party of ladies, where the converſation happened to turn on books, I was not a little diverted, if not pleaſed, in hearing the female eulogies on *novels*. Their alertneſs and vivacity commanded my whole attention, and much excited my curioſity. Soon diſengaged from thoſe *old-faſhioned* topics, which uſually engroſs the cold imagination and dull fancy of a *recluſe*, I indulged my thoughts on the ſubject, till I inſenſibly run over the following remarks.

For ſprightlineſs of thought, eaſe and brilliancy of ſtyle, novels, perhaps, excel every other kind of writing. Theſe qualities have, undoubtedly, gained noveliſts a very great ſhare of their admirers, eſpecially among the fair ſex, whoſe characteriſtic is vivacity.—Though theſe are acknowledged real excellences, when connected with the uſeful and ſentimental; yet they are, in general, what ought to caution againſt the peruſal of moſt novels. In a dreſs moſt ſpecious and alluring, they often encloſe ſentiments moſt dangerous and vicious.

They, like fruit whoſe fairneſs and beauty invite the longing eye of the traveller, and whoſe zeſt is moſt delicious, concealing at the ſame time the moſt deadly poiſon, ſecrete the mortal bane and imperceptibly corrupt the moral taſte.

All novels, however, are not of this deſcription. Some are ſo excellently planned and wiſely executed, as to give pleaſure and even inſtruction to the moſt ſedate and learned philoſopher. Such I would by no means rank with the common maſs, but recommend them for the vacant hour of the devoted ſcholar, as well as for the entertainment of the fair.

The great object of reading is, or ought to be, the cultivation and refinement of the taſte, and the enlargement of the mind. Amuſement, the only object of many, may, while in ſubordination to noble attainments, be rationally and innocently approved. Novels often ſubſerve the purpoſe of amuſement, but ſeldom of uſeful inſtruction. They may excite and pleaſe the fancy, charm and fire the paſſions; but are badly calculated to improve and refine the taſte, to inſtruct and enlarge the underſtanding.

A well conceived, and well executed novel can reſt and relax the mind, when too long engaged in the depth of ſtudy; but ought never to wholly engroſs its powers.

The fondneſs of the fair for this kind of compoſition has drawn upon them, often perhaps, too ſevere cenſure from the *ſtoics* of the other ſex. Is it owing to any natural inferiority of intellect, that they are incapable of purſuing, with equal ſucceſs, the mathematical and philoſophic reſearch, or of ranging the wide fields of ſcience and of gathering freſh its fragrant flowers? Is it becauſe they have no intereſt in the affairs of ſtate, the common concerns of ſociety and the real characters of individuals, that they can not receive pleaſure and advantage from the hiſtory of nations and from the biography of illuſtrious perſonages? Or is it not rather to be attributed to a wrong bias, which the mind has acquired through the want of a proper education?

I leave it for the candid to anſwer; declaring however the latter the humble opinion of

S. W. J.

How empty learning and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life and guides the heart.

YOUNG.

DEATH—AN INSTRUCTOR.

THE bloſſoms of May and all the variegated foliage of ſpring are obſerved to wither and die. Every claſs of animals, after having lived, ſome a longer and ſome a ſhorter period, returns to the earth and mingles with their native duſt. Man, though diſtinguiſhed, by ſuperior intellectual faculties, from the brutal creation, and, in the great ſcale of being, exalted far above all other earthly exiſtences, is yet within the reach of death. Many around us have fallen, by the envenomed ſhafts of this awful meſſenger. How frequently has our ſociety been deprived of its moſt amiable members, and our affections of their beloved objects, by the relentleſs hand of the *King of Terrors!*

Thus, from the loweſt degree of vegetive life to the higheſt, from the moſt inſignificant mite to the fierceſt beaſt of prey, from the humbleſt peaſant to the mightieſt monarch, the ravages of death bury all the intervening grades in undiſtinguiſhed ruin.

Death inſtructs us how we ought to eſtimate riches, honors, time and talents. From the

eagerneſs, which mankind manifeſt in their purſuits of wealth, we ſhould naturally conclude, that they expected their property would be of ſignal advantage to them, either in ſome trying ſcene in life, or beyond the grave. But the ſofteſt down, covered and adorned with the coſtlieſt furniture, in the moſt ſplendid apartment, will not ſecure from diſſolution, nor yield any ſatisfaction in a dying hour. A ſilver, or a golden urn, will not prevent our bodies from being devoured by the worms, or from mouldering to duſt. Then why ſo anxious to poſſeſs a *triſle?* Notwithſtanding riches cannot ſave in the hour of death, nor be of any uſe in the world of ſpirits, yet a competency is very deſirable in the preſent life; and if rightly improved, will be a great bleſſing. But money, ſquandered at the coffee-houſe over the "flowing bowl," with jovial comrades, or loſt with fellow-gamblers at the billiard table, will be the cauſe of keen remorſe; and death admoniſhes us, that it ought to have been devoted to better, to philanthropic purpoſes.

Honor, that empty name, for which multitudes have ſacrificed every valuable conſideration, is, death being our inſtructor, of ſmall importance. Thoſe, who have fought it longeſt and with moſt ſucceſs, are unable to ſhield themſelves with it from the ills moſt incident to human exiſtence. Inſtead of protecting life, ſome are ſo wickedly deſirous to obtain the phantom, that they even ſeek it in the jaws of death, and at the riſk of their eternal happineſs. Surely that, which leads men to break through every obligation, both civil and ſacred, to cut aſunder all the endearing ties of nature and affection, to deſtroy their uſefulneſs in this life, and to endanger, if not enſure, endleſs miſery in the coming world, *muſt* be an *illuſion*. Duelliſts, think of this. DISCOS TANTALOS.

(To be continued.)

—SELECTED—

The Medical Repoſitory and Review of American Publications on Medicine, Surgery, &c.

THE Periodical publications of this country have generally been marked by a national deficiency. Much is always promiſed by them, and they uſually come into the world with their brighteſt appearance. Little, however, is performed, and they gradually ſink into contempt, are relinquiſhed as impracticable and unprofitable. So notorious has been this fact that a "*Proſpectus*" is even yet regarded as an object of ſuſpicion.

We are however pleaſed that one work of this deſcription has reſcued itſelf from the general ſtigma, and given real reputation to the contrary. The Medical Repoſitory is conducted by gentlemen of ſkill and ſcience; and with its preſent reſources, with the ſame diſcernment and induſtry which have hitherto diſtinguiſhed its progreſs cannot fail of being a valuable addition to a medical library as a general depoſit for the rare and uſeful diſcoveries in the ſcience to which it is confined; it compriſes the reſearches and experience of the moſt eminent Phyſicians and Surgeons in this country. Deſcriptions of local diſeaſes, new methods of cure, inventions and improvement of ſurgical inſtruments, and every means of facilitating the practice, and preſerving the moſt invaluable bleſſings of life which this country has yet afforded, may be found collected in this work. Its merits have ariſen, as it has been more widely circulated; and being now beyond the depreſſing influence of "want of patronage," its future merits cannot be doubted.

Connected with the profeſſional department is "the Review of American publications on Medicine, Surgery, and the auxiliary branches of ſcience." This will aſſiſt the practitioner in obtaining a correct view of the ſtate of his profeſſion, and direct his judgment in the ſection of uſeful and neceſſary publications. This part of the work is managed with ability and diſcernment, and bears the traits of candor and impartiality.

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LANGUAGE OF CHINA.

THE Chineſe language bears no affinity to any language, dead or living, with which we are acquainted. All other languages have an alphabet compoſed of a certain number of letters, by the various combinations of which, ſyllables and words are formed. Whereas there is no alphabet of the Chineſe language; but there are as many different characters and figures as words. The number of Chineſe characters is computed to be about 80,000. A perſon, however, that underſtands 10,000 characters is able to expreſs himſelf in this language, and to underſtand many books. Moſt of the learned do not underſtand above 15,000 or 20,000; and but few doctors are maſters of 40,000.

A dictionary was compiled, by order of the late emperor, conſiſting of one hundred and nineteen volumes, moſt of them written in a ſmall character, and very thick. It is certain that no language in the world is more copious than the Chineſe.

The ſenſe of the Chineſe language is very much varied by the different accents, inflections, tones, aſpirations, and other changes of the voice; hence it is, that perſons, who are not exceedingly well verſed in this language, often miſtake one word for another. Of this father du Halde gives ſome examples; ſuch as that of the word T'chu, when differently ſounded, ſignifies a lord, or maſter, a hog, a kitchen, or a column. In like manner the ſyllable Po, has, according as it is ſounded, the following different meaning; glaſs, wiſe, liberal, to prepare, an old woman, to break, to cleave, inclined, a very little, to water, a ſlave, a captive, to boil, to winnow rice. Likewiſe the ſame word joined to others is capable of a variety of ſenſes. For inſtance, Mou or Moo, when ſingle, ſignifies a tree or wood; but when compounded, it has many more ſignifications; Moo ſiang, ſignifying a cheſt of drawers; Moo nu, a kind of ſmall orange.

In this manner the Chineſe, by variouſly combining their monoſyllables, can form regular diſcourſes, and expreſs themſelves with clearneſs and elegance, almoſt in the ſame manner as the Europeans compoſe all their words by the different combinations of about twenty-four letters. *Chineſe Traveller.*

Extract from the VAGABOND.

A NOVEL.

[Continued from page ad.]

Two Republican Philoſophers.

THE Doctor's piece was unloaded, or his benevolence for the human ſpecies might have been loſt in the agitation of ſurpriſe; but making a full pauſe, and gazing at his antagoniſt, 'This,' ſaid he, 'is not right in the nature of things; force tells me that your argument is wrong; you ſhould have firſt convinced me of your wants, and then my purſe would have been your juſt property.'

'All property is a monopoly,' cried the young metaphyſician, 'and the moſt laconic arguments are beſt: theſe rags which I wear are ſufficient vouchers for my wants; and unleſs you can prove that ſome other has a greater claim to your property, I muſt have the contents of your pocket.'

'You are a philoſoper,' ſaid the Doctor.

'Yes,' replied the youth; 'my dear Stupeo uſed to tell me ſo; but philoſophy is not rewarded in the preſent deteſtable ſyſtem of things; virtue is ridiculed, and vice rides in gilded coaches.'

'How much do you need?' ſaid the Doctor, in tranſport. 'You are a pupil of the *new ſchool*; come along with me, and you ſhall find me a man who will eſteem you exactly according to the quantity of merit you poſſeſs; your talents ought not to be thus loſt.'

'Stupeo was perfectly right,' ſaid the youth, 'he told me that all men are equal: I will go with you.'

'Who is this Stupeo?' inquired the Doctor, while the young man walked by his ſide. 'He was a very great philoſopher, a mythologiſt, a metaphyſician, and a ſcholar: he was my tutor at College.'

'You a collegian!' cried the Doctor, in ſurpriſe: 'how came you in this miſerable condition, and how could you commit ſuch an act of dangerous outrage? 'From the moſt natural reaſon in the world: all crime, my dear ſir, ariſes from ſome poſſeſſing what others want; but in fact, there is no ſuch thing as crime; it is a mere chimera, exiſting only in the law.'

'There ſurely are crimes,' interrupted the Doctor, 'crimes againſt political juſtice, and the liberty of the individual: as for inſtance, I have, as a willing animal, a right or power to take a walk; but if I am to be aſſaſſinated every time I go out, my liberty is reſtrained, my houſe becomes a priſon, and I might as well be in a dungeon. I think crimes of this nature ought to be puniſhed.'

They were by this time arrived at the gate of a neat-looking manſion, with high chimnies, and heavy cornices, which declared it to have been erected in the time of William the Third, a flower garden ſpread before it, in which a beautiful young woman was gathering flowers. She appeared about eighteen, with all the innocence of that period, and the beauty attending upon health and good nature.

'Your daughter, I ſuppoſe?' ſaid the ſtranger.

'No,' replied the Doctor;' 'do you think I would belie my principles by uniting myself for life to any object, when the human mind is of so changeable a nature? She is my neice; her parents, who were very poor, and very ignorant, are dead. I attempted to educate her on my plan; but she is of a perverse disposition, she will not exert the divine privilege of resistance, and throw off the shackles of domination: she persists that the very difference of sexes should teach us that they are designed for different pursuits.'

'Laura,' cried the Doctor, 'have you set my room in order? I have brought home a stranger.'

'No,' replied Laura, blushing; 'I was obliged to visit a poor woman in the village; and I intended, as soon as I had gathered some flowers, to arrange your apartment.'

'The d—l take all the old women in the universe,' cried the Doctor in a passion, 'with their diseases and their wants! What had you to do, you idle slut, with gathering flowers, when all my room is covered with litter? What a wretched state is society! every thing thwarting the temper, and spoiling our reflections.'

'In a state of nature,' said the young stranger, 'we should certainly have fewer wants. The pleasant spring would supply us with drink, and the mast of the forest with food. How happy would it be if all mankind, by universal consent, would destroy every vestige of society, and return to simple nature!'

'Nothing is more true,' cried Doctor Alogos, taking his hand and leading him towards the house; 'you seem a youth of profound intelligence, and I glory in having discovered such a gem. All the children of men are dear to my heart; and my indignation boils when I hear that our brethren of Africa are urged to labor with a lash—torn from supreme felicity—carried from the yellow sands of Guinea to the burning furnace of the West-Indies, and all for what? to supply us with spices and sweetmeats. I could hug a Tartar to my breast, and divide my little property with a Greenlander.'

A wounded soldier at that moment accosted them from the gate, entreating a morsel of bread, or a farthing to buy it with.

The Doctor's countenance reddened, and turning round—'Go,' cried he, 'to your parish; for what do I pay so many poor's rates, if my purse is to be always open to such vagrants? In a state of nature there is no necessity for soldiers; and I am determined I will not support the present infamous system.' So saying, he slapped the door in the soldier's face; and leading his new friend up stairs, they entered an elegant apartment, the furniture of which was in a style of the greatest luxury.

'Is supper ready?' inquired the Doctor of a servant girl, who entered the room to place his chair,—'It won't be ready this half hour,' replied she, pertly: 'if you want it sooner, you must come and help to get it yourself.'

'Go along, you baggage,' said the Doctor, laughing. Then turning to his guest, 'This,' said he, 'is a girl of independent spirit, the genuine equality for which I admire her. If my niece were a little more of her disposition, I should be extremely fond of her—not for herself, because I am above all those false notions of relative connexion, but for her virtues.'

Supper was soon after served in a style that would have gratified an epicure. The Doctor declaimed, between every bite, on the virtues of temperance, and the beauties of nature.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE FRENCH QUEEN.

UPON the publication of Mr. Burke's "Reflections on the Affairs of France," Miss Wilkes, whose general taste and attachment to polite literature are well known, translated two of the most luminous passages of that performance, viz. the description of the 6th of October, and the fine eulogium on the Queen of France, for the Countess De la Valiere, a French lady of distinction, with whom Miss Wilkes had long lived in habits of the closest intimacy. The Countess, after receiving this valuable present from her friend, took the first opportunity which offered of waiting on the Queen, and of reading to her the above two passages. At the first, her Majesty dissolved into tears, which so affected the Countess that she could scarcely proceed: recovering herself, however, she read through the second passage; when her Majesty, no longer able to contain herself, rose from her seat, and, clasping her hands together in an ecstasy of fervour, exclaimed—"Good God! am I still so happy as to be pitied by such brave and illustrious foreigners?"

CHARACTER of the EMPRESS MATILDA.

WHILE Henry was employed in suppressing this revolt, he received an account of the death of his mother, Matilda, the greatest lady that Europe had ever seen, empress of Germany by her first marriage; countess of Ajou, Touraine, and Maine, by her second, and, by the will of her father confirming her claim from hereditary right, dutchess of Normandy and queen of England. Yet she was more truly great in the latter part of her life, when she acted only as a subject under the reign of her son, than at the time when she beheld King Stephen her prisoner, and England at her feet. The violence of her temper, and pride inflamed by success, had then dishonored her character, and made her appear to her friends, as well as to her enemies, unworthy of the dominion to which she was exalted: but from the instructions of adversity, age, and reflection, she learned the virtues she most wanted, moderation and mildness. These joined to the elevation and vigor of her mind, wherein she had always surpassed her sex, enabled her to become a most useful counsellor and minister to her son, in the affairs of his government, which for some time past, had been her sole ambition. There is not in all history another example of a woman who had possessed such high dignities, and encountered such perils for the sake of maintaining her power, being afterwards content to give it up, and, without forsaking the world, to live quietly in it; neither mixing in cabals against the state, nor aspiring to rule it beyond that limited province, which was particularly assigned to her administration! Such a conduct was meritorious in the highest degree, and more than atoned for all the errors of her former behaviour.

FARRAGO.

Judge HUBBARD has accepted the appointment of Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy; and Mr. R. SHIRTLIFF the appointment of *Phillips'* Professor of Divinity, in Dartmouth University.

ORDAINED,

At Newport, (R. I.) Rev. Caleb J. Tenney. At Bradford, Rev. Charles Coffin.—At Newbury, Rev. Mr. Popkin.—At New-Salem, Rev. Warren Pierce.—At Bedford, N. H. Rev. David M'Gregore.—At Norwich, Ver. Rev. James W. Woodward.

MARRIED,

In England, Mr. Jolly, aged 24, to Miss Mary Musgrove, aged 60; it was a marriage from *pure love*, the bridegroom being very opulent.——In Lancaster, (Pen.) Stephen Smith, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Ruggles: it is worthy of remark that each party entered their *ninety-third* year, on the day they approached the altar of Hymen.——In Portsmouth, (N. H.) Captain George Balch, to Miss Dorothy Noble.——At Exeter, Capt. Henry Moore, of Portsmouth, to Miss Ann Odiorne, of Exeter. Rev. Jacob Cram, of Hamptonfalls, to Miss Mary Poor, of Exeter.——At Lime, Mr. Samuel Everett, of Hanover, to Miss Mindel Hews.

The meanest cottage, 'or costliest dome,
Is but an upper chamber to the tomb.'

DIED,

At Philadelphia, by the rupture of a blood vessel, Rev. *John Blair Linn*, D. D. aged 27.

At New-York, Commodore James Nicholson—Rev. Henry Van Dyke, aged 60.

At Stockbridge, Mrs. Elizabeth West, consort of the Rev. Dr. West, aged 73—Henry W. Dwight, Esq. aged 47.

In Boston, on Monday 13th of August, the Rev. SIMEON HOWARD, D. D. Pastor of the society at West-Boston, in the 72d year of his age, and 37th of his ministry.

"He was a Preacher, simple, grave, sincere;
"In Doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
"And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
"And natural in gesture; much impressed
"Himself, as conscious of his awful charge
"And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
"May feel it too; affectionate in look,
"And tender in address, as well becomes
"A messenger of grace to guilty men.
"Behold the Picture! Is it like? It is"

Suddenly, at New-Bedford, the Rev. JOSEPH WILLARD, President of Harvard University.—His death will be deeply deplored by the friends of learning and humanity.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A POOR CHANCE BETTER THAN NONE.

WITH what caution tomorrow conceals its affairs,
Whether big with good fortune or no ?
Man is lur'd by the butterfly-aſpect it wears,
While it may, or it may not be ſo.

Were its ſecrets unfolded, how ſoon ſhould we pine ?
But its ſecrets we never muſt know ;
For fancy's fair paintings are hope's richeſt mine,
While it may, or it may not be ſo.

Will poor tar leave his home, and brave, hopeleſs of gain,
Seas and tempeſts, both pregnant with wo ?
He will not ; but he will, if a proſpect remain
That it may, or it may not be ſo.

The coy little miſs would be free from reſtraint,
Were ſhe ſure ſhe unmarried muſt go,
Who can flatter, ſing, ogle, dance, coquet and paint,
While it may, or it may not be ſo.

The maiden of forty with bugles would ſhine,
Could ſhe hawk ſome young foppling or beau,
But her dimples turn'd wrinkles compel her to pine,
She's convinc'd that it *cannot* be ſo.

As long as tomorrow keeps one day ahead,
Till Greenland's a ſtranger to ſnow,
Fair proſpects will hang on as brittle a thread,
As it may, or it may not be ſo. A. Z.

SELECTED POETRY.

ELEGY ON LIEUT. DE HART,*

Volunteer Aid to Gen. WAYNE.

BY COL. D. HUMPHREYS.

WHEN Autumn, all humid and drear,
With darkneſs and ſtorms in his train,
Announcing the death of the year,
Deſpoil'd of its verdure the plain :
When horror congenial prevail'd,
Where graves are with fearfulneſs trod,
De Hart by his ſiſter was wail'd ;
His ſiſter thus ſigh'd o'er his ſod :

" Near Hudſon, a fort, on theſe banks,
" Its flag of defiance unfu[illegible] :
" He led to the ſtorm the firſt ranks ;
" On them iron tempeſts were hurl'd.
" Tranſpierc'd was his breaſt with a ball—
" His breaſt a red fountain ſupply'd,
" Which, guſhing in waves ſtill and ſmall,
" Diſtain'd his white boſom and ſide.

" His viſage was ghaſtly in death,
" His hair, that ſo laviſhly curl'd,
" I ſaw, as he lay on the heath,
" In blood, and with dew-drops impearl'd.
" How dumb is the tongue that could ſpeak
" Whate'er could engage and delight !
" How faded the roſe on his cheek !
" Thoſe eyes, how enveloped in night !

" Thoſe eyes, that illumin'd each ſoul,
" All darken'd to us are now grown :
" In far other orbits they roll,
" Like ſtars to new ſyſtems when gone.
" My brother, the pride of the plain,
" In vain did the graces adorn ;
" His bloſſom unfolded in vain,
" To die like the bloſſom of morn.

" Oh war ! thou haſt waſted our clime,
" And tortur'd my boſom with ſighs ;
" My brother, who fell ere his prime,
" For ever is torn from my eyes.
" To me, how diſtracting the ſtorm,
" That blaſted the youth in his bloom !
" Alas ! was ſo finiſh'd a form
" Deſign'd for ſo early a tomb ?

" How bright were the proſpects that ſhone !
" Their ruin 'tis mine to deplore—
" Health, beauty, and youth were his own ;
" Health, beauty, and youth are no more.
" No bleſſings of nature and art,
" Nor muſic that charm'd in the ſong,
" Nor virtues that glow'd in the heart,
" Dear youth, could thy moments prolong !

" Thrice ſix times the ſpring had renew'd
" Its youth and its charms for the boy :
" With rapture all nature he view'd,
" For nature he knew to enjoy.
" But chiefly his country could charm :
" He felt—'twas a generous heat—
" With drums and the trumpet's alarm,
" His pulſes in conſonance beat.

" Ye heroes, to whom he was dear,
" Come weep o'er this ſorrowful urn,
" Come eaſe the full heart with a tear—
" My hero will never return :
" He died in the dawn of applauſe,
" His country demanded his breath :
" Go, heroes, defend the fame cauſe,
" Avenge, with your country, his death."

So ſung on the top of the rocks,
The virgin in ſorrow more fair ;
In tears her blue eyes ; and her locks
Of auburn flew looſe in the air.
I heard, as I paſs'd down the ſtream ;
The guards of the foe were in view :—
To enterprize fir'd by the theme,
I bade the ſweet mourner adieu.

* This young warrior was killed in the attack on the block-houſe, near Fort Lee, 1780.

VERSES

Addressed to Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.

BY POPE.

IN beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet
To queſtion your empire has dar'd ;
But men of diſcerning
Have thought that in learning
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent ſchools,
With muſty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd ;
So Papiſts refuſe
The bible to uſe,
Leſt flocks ſhould be wiſe as their guide.

'Twas a woman at firſt
(Indeed ſhe was curſt)
In knowledge that taſted delight ;
And ſages agree,
The laws ſhould decree
To the firſt poſſeſſor the right.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Renew the old claim
Which to your whole ſex does belong,
And let men receive
From a ſecond bright Eve
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the firſt Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only an apple had ſhe ;
What puniſhment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who taſting have robb'd the whole tree ?

IMPROMPTU,

By a Lady, on being aſked, what was the ſtrongeſt proof of a daring mind.

BOLD was the Man, whom doubt could not reſtrain,
From vent'ring on the unknown weſtern main ;
And bold the Hebrew Youth, tho' low of birth,
Who made Philiſtia's Champion kiſs the earth.
The Hero bold, who led his legions on
To ſave his country, 'croſs the Rubicon.
Nor was he much inferior, who could dare,
In a balloon to ſail through liquid air ;
Yet far more bold and daring is the Youth,
Who dares to tell a Woman honeſt truth.
And She gives proof of fortitude and ſenſe,
Who hears the honeſt truth without offence.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

——A doating parent lives
In many lives ; thro' many a nerve ſhe feels,
From child to child the quick affection ſpread,
Forever wandering, yet forever fix'd,
Nor does diviſion weaken, nor the force
Of conſtant operation e'er exhauſt
Parental love. All other paſſions change,
With changing circumſtances ; riſe or fall,
Dependent on their objects ; claim returns ;
Live on reciprocal [illegible] expire,
Unfed by hope. [illegible] fondneſs reigns
Without a rival, and without an end.

MIRROR OF MOMUS.

EPIGRAMS.

AN honeſt man and ugly wife
Can never lead a happy life ;
But when *both* bad and ugly be,
The d—l's in't they don't agree.

On the Marriage of John Joys to Mercy Bond.

THO' *John* for *Mercy* long had pray'd,
And many ſchemes for *Mercy* laid ;
Yet *Mercy* ſtill—of Hymen fond—
Put off her *Joys*, and kept her *Bond*.
John (parry'd thus) the Vicar ply'd,
And ſoon his Rev'rence *Mercy* cry'd !
Conſenting *Mercy* heard his voice,
Gave up her *Bond* for dearer *Joys*.

ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman at an inn having a very long bill of fare preſented him by the landlord, aſked his name : " *Partridge*," ſaid the landlord—" Indeed," ſays the gueſt, " I thought it had been *Snipe*, by the length of your *bill*."

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